

› Bring That Slap Back

[Produced by Paris]

[Intro]

Bringin' you back what you miss in hip hop  
Hard Truth Sol-sol-sol-sol-sol-sol-soldier Radio  
You are tuned to the voice of armed self defense, broadcasting in the year of fire!

[Verse 1: Paris]

Back with that program  
Fog city, no wack flows, no ham  
Bring it back to the prose of the black man  
Black hat, black strap, black fist in a black SS  
We crush all when we throw down  
F\*\*k a throne, n\*\*\*a, watch what we on now  
Bring it home so the whole world know how  
With no singin', no bling, just the real when we do our thing  
See, I come from the land where the panthers mob  
(One) glance and you know from the stance what's up  
(We) advance programs that'll stand us up  
And finance grants so the fans come up  
Any fool with a view too could see what's happenin'  
When hard truth bring the whole movement back in  
Where youth get the truth that the schools is lackin'  
And rhymes from the front line to see what's crackin', goin'

[Hook]

Psycho, alpha, disco, let's go  
Take this thing back, straight from Frisco  
Bring that slap back, bring that slap back  
Bring that slap back, bring that slap back  
Psycho, alpha, disco, let's go  
Take this thing back, straight from Frisco  
Bring that slap back, bring that slap back  
Bring that slap back, bring that slap back

[Verse 2: Paris]

Hot damn hoe, here it go again  
Back up on the set to let this n\*\*\*as know what is  
Back up on the set to keep it honest for the kids  
Back to show the way to stay alive and out the prison  
F\*\*k what you claim, this is game for real (yup)

We just, need to rise and build  
And bring back pride that we used to have  
It's Hard Truth comin' from the Sons of Malcolm  
It's time to meet the guer-rillas  
The soldiers, the leaders and the pro hittas (pro hittas)  
And motherf\*\*kas gonna feel us  
This time or gonna be some blood spillin'  
That's how it is, how it was, how it do, how it does  
How we do, payin' dues, never lose, never run  
Steady gunnin' f\*\*k a pig, n\*\*\*a do your thang  
And let 'em know it's on again...all power to the people

[Hook]

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[Verse 3: Paris]

Steady spittin', get the picture comin' through in the clutch  
Gettin' witcha heavy hittin' n\*\*\*a givin' it up (givin' it up)  
Puttin' hands on these off brands, undefeated  
Hard to beat, n\*\*\*a, balls deep, please believe it  
A beast when I bring the noise  
Ain't nothin but a choice, and we choose to voice  
How we steady makin' men from boys  
Make em understand what the government's plan is for us  
Show em how to thrive and survive the streets  
To compete, how to eat, from these real OGs  
When to walk away and when to reach  
And show 'em how to mean what they say and to say what they mean  
Little locs soak the game up, claim they life  
They awoke from the shame and the pain and lies  
Ain't no jokes, we control the way we defined  
Let's see who wanna test it, tr  
Mothaf\*\*ka, we united